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" Baylette."

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METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

First Published (by Mr. Thomas Hawkins) 1897
Second Edition, Enlarged (Methuen & Co. Ltd.) . . 1912

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CARISSIMIS

PREFACE

IT is not without diffidence that I add some children of my later years to this little company of verses. "Whiter than Snow" is indeed of an earlier time. "Grown Up" and "Red Roses" have already appeared in print, the former in *A Little Book of Life and Death*, the latter in the *Westminster Gazette*, the Editor of which kindly gives me permission to reprint it here.

E. W.

YATTENDON COURT

October 1912

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SEA AND SHORE

WHEN we two passed the other eve
Through golden moonlight, hand in hand,
Along the sandy margin set
For twilight space 'twixt sea and land,

The possible delight of life
Unmeasured as the broad bright sea,
And bounded as the sand we trod
Its narrow turmoil seemed to me ;

But when thy smile had passed away,
Nor in thy hand mine rested more,
Life's boundless trouble seemed the wave,
Its narrow bliss the bounded shore.

OLD LEAVES

CRISP-WHISPERING fly on the warm west
wind's wing

With shivering sigh, the saddest voice of Spring,
The few late leaves from last year lingering.

Foolishly faithful in wild wintry nights,
When sudden storms blew out the starry lights
And the cold flakes came up in feathery flights.

Foolishly faithful, all their beauty gone,
All their young wooing softness changed and wan,
With nothing left for love to linger on.

Foolishly fond, till one warm hour revealed
Where the young leaf-buds blushing lay concealed,
And one swift sting the year-long clasp unsealed.

“Old leaves, old loves”—so some one seems to say
About my window this warm, wistful day
Above the violets—is it I or they?

DISTANCES

SOMETIMES there seems to shine
On distant hill-tops clear
A future, thine and mine
Made one, my only dear.

But, dear, the Shepherds say
When all the uplands shine
Distinct, though far away,
Storms follow swift the sign.

So, when there seems to shine
That future fair and clear,
For thy sake and for mine
I weep—my only dear.

INCENSE

OUTSIDE the Church's western door I lingered
by the way,
I heard no sound of Sanctus bell, the chant had died
away,
And round the porch the Acolytes were merry in
their play,
Yet knew I by the incens'd air
Here had been voice of prayer.

So, dearest Lord, be all my life breathed round about
by Thee,
When at Thy feet a little while I have knelt
blessedly,
That those who meet me by the way may rather feel
than see
"If God be prayed to anywhere
This soul hath been in prayer."

THREE PARABLES

I

I WAS not resolute in heart and will
To rise up suddenly and seek Thy Face,
Leaving the swine-husks in the desert place,
And crying, "I have sinned, receive me still!"

II

I could not even at the Shepherd's voice
Startle and thrill, with yearnings for the fold,
Till He should take me in His blessed hold,
And lay me on His shoulder and rejoice.

III

But lying silent, will-less in the dark,
A little piece of silver, lost from Thee,
I only knew Thy Hands were seeking me
And that I bore through all Thy heavenly mark.

AN ECLIPSE

DARK world, sad heart in silent sympathy !
What matters it if both are in the shade ?
The stars will steal out soon
And with the wide white moon,
Who walks the endless ether unafraid,
Will tread together gladly up the sky
And not be any whit the dimmer made.

Dim heart and world ! sad world and sadder heart,
What matters it if both are dark to-night ?
If down thy trouble deep
No gleam of comfort creep,
If sin or sorrow shut thee from the light ?
God's happy ones, though thou dost mourn apart,
Will not be any whit less glad and white.

AN ECLIPSE

So said I to the midnight and my soul,
Soothing myself with bitter hermit-hood,
When up the opal East,
Not white-robed for a feast,
But shrunk and scarred and stained as if with blood,
Shyly along a darkened path she stole,
The maiden Moon above the elmen wood.

Darkened with what? No little veil of dew,
No cloud-lamb pasturing in fields of air
Flecks with a passing shade
The pathway of the maid,
Who else, to-night, were perfect-orbed and fair;
But the world's shadow, like an arrow true,
Hath struck her with a strange and new despair.

O Shadow of my heart, the heavenly stairs
Grow dim where thou art cast perhaps to-night;
The soul thou lovest best
May miss some footing blest
On the great Ladder of the Infinite.
Ah me! how often and how unawares
We come between God's creatures and His Light!

EASTER EVE

I WAS weeping just before moonset,
Set of the Easter moon,
Though I knew that the morning of mornings
Would thrill and awaken soon.

I was weeping just before moonset,
At the hour of the waking of birds,
When two of God's angels spoke to me
In sweet compassionate words :

"Woman, why art thou weeping?"
And I answered, nothing afraid,
"Because they have taken away my Lord,
And I know not where He is laid.

"They have taken Him from the valleys,
Where I loved to follow His feet,
Seeing their print in the tender grass
And finding His lilies sweet.

EASTER EVE

“They have taken Him from my garden,
Where I used to walk and say,
‘The Lord hath been down to my garden
And made a flower to-day.’

“They have taken Him from the mountains
And tops of the happy hills,
Where He used to drop the dew down
To plenish the pleasant rills.

“They have taken Him from His cloud-land,
From thunder and thunder-shower,
From the rain He sent for the springing grass
And shine for the harvest hour.

“For all things are set and ordered
And parts of a great machine,
In which the hand of the Maker
Would tremble to intervene.

“And He could not save one petal
From a destined drop of rain,
Without unbuilding His universe
And building it up again.

EASTER EVE

“So now I can pray no longer
The prayers that once I prayed,
For they have taken away my Lord,
And I know not where He is laid.”

Thus weeping just before moonset,
In the hour of the waking of birds,
I was 'ware of Another who spoke to me
In sweet compassionate words :

“Woman, why art thou weeping?”
And I spoke, not lifting my eyes,
“If thou have taken away my Lord,
O tell me where He lies.”

But into His voice as He answered
Came a music all Divine—
One word, one name, He uttered,
The word, the name, was mine.

Then I knew it could not be another,
But my Lord with voice so sweet,
I knew it all in a moment
And I strove to clasp His feet.

EASTER EVE

I knew, for that one word told me
That they could not bear away
My Christ, my King, my Master,
From the place where once He lay.

'Tis He, who would bid me seek Him
Not painfully here and there,
But standing close beside me,
Always and everywhere.

Always—O Christ the Risen !
The moongleam fadeth fleet,
But the flush of Thine Easter Sunrise
Finds one more soul at Thy feet.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT

IF I had lived in Bethlehem
And known where Jesus lay
Within the wooden manger
On a little bed of hay,
The new-born baby Jesus,
That earliest Christmas Day,

How gladly had I taken,
With earliest dawning light,
The little pillow from my bed
And sheets of snowy white.

And through the streets of Bethlehem
I quickly should have run,
And stood before that stable-door
At rising of the Sun.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT

And knocking softly at the door
With earnest voice should say,
“Wake up, wake up, good Joseph,
This happy Christmas Day,
And let me in to see the babe
That's cradled on the hay.”

I should have said, “O Mary blest,
Behold I quickly bring
A pillow and two little sheets
To make a soft bedding
For the new-born baby Jesus,
Who is my Lord and King.”

I think good Joseph quickly
Would have let me through the door,
And there among the sheep and cows
I should have knelt before
That holy, fairest baby
That ever mother bore.

I should have said upon my knees,
“The finest I can bring

A CHILD'S THOUGHT

Is all too coarse to make a bed
For Thee, my Lord and King,
Yet wilt Thou take, for Love's own sake,
Love's poorest offering."

Such words a little child said
Upon his mother's knee
One happy Christmas morning,
But nothing answered she.

She looked out still and sadly
Across the winter snow,
She watched the pale blue shadows
Of the bare trees come and go
As the North wind made the branches
Rock softly to and fro.

She thought how Christ the Saviour,
Still waiting day by day,
Is still as poorly tended
As when a bed of hay
Made all the soft enfolding
In the manger where He lay.

Pure thoughts and holy longings
Like linen fair and white,

A CHILD'S THOUGHT

And hearts of softest tenderness
Like downy pillow light,
With these we still should meet Him
At each day's dawning bright.

Yet still our Lord is waiting
At many a close-barred door—
For pure and holy worship,
For tending of His poor,
For all the gentle ministry
Of Love from Love's own store.

She thought how surely, surely
To each one comes the day,
When we are bid to waken
And rise and put away
Some ease or sweetness for His sake,
Who came on Christmas Day.

But she only said, "My darling,
There still is work to do
For the blessed baby Jesus
Who lived, a child, for you.
But come, the bells are ringing
And we must praise Him too."

TO MY APRIL CHILD

BABY, my Baby, thus I croon to thee,
Thou dearest blossom of the April tide ;
Speak with me soul to soul a little while,
For I am tired and the world is wide.

Speak soul to soul, thou hast no words as yet
To wrap thy heart up in and hide it so.
Ah me ! with every lesson that we learn,
How much that is more blessed we forgo.

A little while, the world runs faster now
Than when a mother all day long might sit
Spinning at once fair dreams and snowy threads
Beside her baby's cradle, rocking it.

And I am tired—tired of myself:
Thou only with those love-taught eyes of thine
Beholdest through this brittle, cloudy glass
A type which is eternal and divine.

TO MY APRIL CHILD

The world is wide, so wide and yet so full
Of hearts that do not care for thee or me.
Ah well ! just lay thy cheek there on my breast
And we can say, " God help them, let them be."

So while the hot noon rests upon the world,
Thou dearest blossom of the April tide,
Speak soul to soul a little while with me,
For I am tired and the world is wide.

THE CHOICE OF PARIS

(Written at the beginning of the Siege of Paris, 1870)

O PARIS! thou too hadst thy threefold choice,
As had that other upon Ida's height—
Stern Strength, self ruling Wisdom, soft Delight,
But Aphrodite's was the sweetest voice.

So hover Strength and Wisdom scorned of thee
Above the standard of thy fateful foe,
Whose blue battalions in unceasing flow
Are surging round thee like an angry sea.

Too late thou risest to put swiftly on
Thy rusting armour at the trumpet's call,
There shines already on thy leaguered wall
A doomful glare, like flames of Ilion.

THE PEACE. 1871

“ I HAVE made peace, thank God.” O Emperor
King,
At this thy word the nations lift their eyes,
Looking for One they wot of to arise
White-robed, on happy wing.

What do they see? There crouches at thy heel
A sullen Thing with vengeance in her face,
Writhing and wroth, but fettered to her place
By bonds of German steel.

As one should tell us in the dim thick night—
“ Behold the dawn ! ” and we looked forth to see
The whole wide East grow golden silently
With joy of coming light,

And saw instead a line of cloudy flame
And lightning flashes leaping swift therethrough,
And heard the muffled thunder-pulse and knew
The storm, not morning, came.

THE PEACE. 1871

So is it when each wiry nerve to-day
Of eager Europe thrills with that sweet word,
Sweet yet so false, soon as its sound is heard
Its promise dies away.

Thy God of Battles, whom we do not know,
Thank for the Rhinelands and the Golden Fleece,
But not for such poor truce the Christ of Peace—
His Peace He gives not so.

LOVE AND TIME

WAITING for Love the other morn
Beside my sunny orchard wall,
Across the dial, mossed and worn,
I watched the early shadow fall.
“Ah me!” I sighed, “so glides the day,
So Love, who comes, will pass away.”

Just then below me in the dew
Where slants the orchard valley deep,
Time’s busy scythe was whistling through
The after-grass in steady sweep.
“Ah me!” I cried, “were Time away
Love when he comes would always stay.”

“Oh mower of my late delight!
Oh robber of the golden hours!
I’ll cover up from Love’s dear sight
Thy dial-shade with scented flowers,
And, heeding not the fleeting day,
Love in my garden still shall stay.”

LOVE AND TIME

Then from the Southern border, full
Of all sweet roses autumn blown,
A cluster was I swift to cull
And heap them on the dial stone :
The shadow crept to where they lay
As Love came down the orchard way.

All in the drowsy afternoon
Love talked with me through languid hours,
And slow, as in a weary swoon,
Time's shade crept on beneath the flowers,
And few the words that Love did say
And passing sad he seemed away.

Weary of all things Love me seemed,
He laid him in the scented grass
And murmured still as if he dreamed
Of time to come and time that was,
For Love doth love to build, they say,
To-morrow out of yesterday.

But Time was leaning on his scythe
And gazed upon me standing near,
"Are then the hours of Love more blithe
When my swift sweep they cannot hear?

LOVE AND TIME

The shade had marked a sweeter day,
Poor heart, were all thy flowers away ! ”

And then he called the little breeze
With which he makes the ripe fruit fall,
And bade it lift my red roses
And heap them by the orchard wall,
And cried, “ O Love ! awake ! away !
Behold how swiftly falls the day . ”

And Love arose with gayer cheer
And, looking on the low-cast shade,
He said, “ Too long I linger here , ”
And strode, swift stepping down the glade
I did not seek to say him nay—
For weary Love is best away .

CLEMATIS

O FAIR tree bending over
The hedgerow where I rise,
Know you the lowly lover
Who looks with faithful eyes
Up to your boughs that cover
My space of summer skies ?

My wistful tendrils winding
Seek always up to you,
Beyond you broadens blinding
The whole of Heaven's blue—
Enough shines for my finding
Your leafy roofing through.

Thus day by day repeating
My simple round of care,
I'm day by day completing
One upward winding stair—
My growth is my entreating,
I live my faithful prayer.

CLEMATIS

Heaven and the high stars teach you
 Secrets by me unguessed,
I for no grace beseech you
 To stir your mystic rest,
For though I may not reach you
 To seek you is my best.

VILLARS SUR OLLON

WINDS on this mountain meadow
 Bear whispers to and fro
Of cool blue clefts of shadow
 Under the shelves of snow,
And of vineyard steeps
Where the lizard sleeps
 In warm lands below,
And their songs seem
Like a lost dream
 I dreamt a life ago.

And whether the crystal coolness
 They tell of on the height,
Or Autumn's fecund fulness
 In lowlands of delight,
Be the sweetest thing
The breezes sing,
 Heart, thou canst not say ;
For their songs seem
Like a lost dream
 I dreamt a world away.

IN ENNA

PERSEPHONE, around whose feet
The meadow grasses cling and throng,
Was there no other flower so sweet
As this of poet's song
That led thee from thy mother's hand
The laughing plains along?

So meet it seemed for maiden wreath,
How couldst thou guess? thou didst not see
That long as life and strong as death
Its slender root would be,
And when thy fingers gathered it
Love's arms would gather thee.

THE SONG OF THE COLOURS

(For an Air of Mozart)

GOLD of the king-cup, gold of the sheaves,
Gold of the light through lattice of leaves ;
Blue of the mountain, blue of the sea,
Blue of the bright air, sing to me.
Life is a garden, love-shielded from sadness,
Rose-walls around it, by warm winds o'er-blown.
Beryl of barley-waves in June,
Opal of moonrise, O sing soon
A song of the garden of gladness.

O my own !

Brown of the beech that mourns alone,
Brown of the larch by late winds strown,
Brown of the bracken frayed and tost,
Sing to me sadly, " Love is lost."

THE SONG OF THE COLOURS

Life is a moorland where wild winds awaken,
Locked from Love's garden my heart makes her
moan.

Black of the moonset, black of the cloud,
Black of the midnight, sing, sing loud
The song of a soul forsaken.

O my own!

White of the foam-fleck, white of the snow,
White of the furnace all aglow,
White of the lily, white of the dove,
Sing of a whole world built of Love.
Life is a path that grows greener for wending,
Lovers may fail us, Love lasteth alone.

Red of the sunset, red of the rose,
Sing me the song that no man knows,
The Song of a Love never ending.

O my own!

SLEEP AT DAWN

DOWN the long dark I lie awake,
Beloved, for thy tender sake
Forecasting lest some chance of ill
Thy happy dream should unfulfil;
When on the Southern upland lies
The Scorpion with his shining eyes,
And through the many-nested trees
The stars shine thick as hiving bees,
For thee my soul hath strife of prayer,
With folded hands, awake, aware,
Till thy dawn comes, darling.

But when from off the Southern mist
The shining Scorpion hath uprist,
When white inflowings of the day
Have washt from heaven the Milky Way,
When from the beds of waking streams
Pass in pale troops their fading dreams,

SLEEP AT DAWN

When each glad bird that leaves his nest
Shrills a " Venite " to the rest,
When winds of morning bathe my brow,
I sleep, thou wilt not need me now,
 When thy dawn comes, darling.

OUT OF THE PAST

With a book of old Rhymes. To My Child.

I HAVE wandered far away
For a gift to thee,
Into an old dead day
Where phantoms be,
Into an island set
In a wide, sad sea,
Whose shores the long waves fret
Unceasingly.

And under a waning moon
When the dawn delayed,
Late for thee, Love, and soon
In that land I strayed ;
Herbs of the shifting sand
That the salt winds fade,
Bound with Love for a band
This Garland made.

OUT OF THE PAST

Sere and scentless and hoar
Are the flowers of my wreath,
Frayed with the scud of the shore
And the sharp storm's teeth,
But the riband of Love hath not known
The harsh brine's breath—
It is brighter than Life, my own,
And stronger than Death.

POLURRIAN

MY ear is weary of the West Sea's roar
Where all night long its white teeth tear
the shore,
Waking me shrilly from a dream of fear
That some huge hideous beast is ravening near.

My eyes are tired of the steep cliff's side
And grey-green headlands hollowed of the tide,
And even of the swift, sun-smitten spray
And Michael's fairy Mount across the bay.

'Tis that the Hunter Care has found me here,
Whither I fled for shelter from his spear,
And *his* wild cry and white stare seem to me
The thunder and the flashing of the sea.

THE WHEELWRIGHT

MY home is on a pleasant hill
Where pine and cedar sigh,
Where strong winds bend the oaks at will
And howl and hurry by ;
And one red tower drinks its fill
Out of the sunset sky.

Among the oaks in acorn days
The shining rooks carouse,
The squirrel chuckles as he plays
And skims the topmost boughs,
While on the slope the heifers graze
And furtive rabbits browse.

Beneath the hill, where curls the smoke,
A wheelwright has his shed,
I hear his heavy hammer-stroke
From dawn till western red,
And carts he builds for living folk
And coffins for the dead.

THE WHEELWRIGHT

Once, as I passed, the wheelwright good
 Raised from a smouldering fire
To fling about a wheel of wood
 A red-hot rounded tire,
While near him wife and children stood
 To help him or admire.

And when my pulses gaily glide,
 Hearing his blows, I say,
“He builds a curvèd wagon wide
 For bringing home the hay,
Where also laughing girls shall ride
 Abroad on holiday.”

But when the tides of life are low
 And pestilence is bred,
When under village roofs I know
 That sick folk lie a-bed,
I say, “He makes a coffin so
 For one who'll soon be dead.”

A NEW WORLD

L O, with what care Columbus wrought
To find fair isles beyond the sea—
But now a new world all unsought
Across the cowslips comes to me.

A new Atlantis floats to me
Frothed with the surf of April woods,
And shrinking on the shore I see
The children of their solitudes :

Shy thoughts and dusky dreams of dreams.
“Come near, come near, and speak,” I cry,
“Bring water from your winding streams,
Bring fruits and viands lest I die.”

In vain.—Before their gifts I hold,
Great seas of dark green Summer rise
And bear me on their manifold
Warm waves away to alien skies.

A NEW WORLD

Another Spring? 'tis idly said ;

 Mine are not many yet to come,
But where the April world is made
 I hope one day to build my home.

TO M.

I

IN WINTER

I N windy winter, O my love, my love,
I seek the spot where most I think of thee,
When no blue breaks the windy murk above,
And no bird sings upon the straining tree.

For then thy grave, where now no petals fall,
The sodden churchyard, and the stormy tide,
Yea, all that is, seems but a great grey wall
With shining summer on the other side.

Yes, shining summer in a perfect place,
And thou, my beautiful, art standing there—
I cannot see the splendour of thy face,
Nor guess the new-lit glory of thy hair.

IN WINTER

But one day, surely, dear, a little door

 In this grey wall will open, thou wilt come
And I shall look upon thy smile once more,

 And thou wilt take my hand and lead me home.

II

IN SUMMER

LIGHT that I love the best !
Dear, thy spirit hath guessed
That it is not the strong swift splendour,
Banner of Day's surrender
On turret clouds of the West ;

Nor the wide, white whisper, " Soon
Comes our Lady the Moon ! "
Which when the sad stars hearken
They cower and quail and darken
Low at her silver shoon.

Not the keen leaping line,
Topaz or opaline,
Or sudden sapphire, brightening
The world's edge with low lightening
When stars care not to shine.

IN SUMMER

But the lingering light that lies
In the North when a long day dies,
 Binding with pearlen thread
 Sorrow for one day dead,
To hope for the day that shall rise.

“Behold, behold,” it would say,
“Thy Joy hath passed this way
 Over the round world’s rim ;
 Lean thou and look for him,
He comes with dawn of day.”

“Behold, behold,” it saith,
“Spirit that sorroweth,
 The smile of the Well-Beloved,
 But for a space removed
Over the edge of death.”

No dim and wandering quest,
No far hope faintly guessed,
 But a night-long tenderest token,
 A word that is almost spoken,
This light that I love the best.

THE YOUNGEST CHILD

WHEN thou art old, go forth some azure day,
Leaving thy children at their grave
employ,
Thy grandchildren at play,
And, seeking with slow feet
Some quiet woodland seat,
Forget all cares that could thy peace annoy,
And take thy joy
This way.

Be sure no keen airs through the branches come,
Nor beam too scorching pierce them overhead,
And let the wild bees hum,
The squirrels laughing cry,
And flap of wings on high
Be all the sounds that to thy ear are sped,
All others fled
Or dumb.

THE YOUNGEST CHILD

There fold by fold unwrap the garb of years
In which it is thy wont to go
Disguised among thy peers,
Disrobe thee till thou win
Within, within, within
The little Child whose joy they cannot know,
Or, be it so,
Its tears.

A little Child, grieved by a rose-thorn smart
And by a rose, a bird, a toy beguiled
With foolish, childish heart.
There with that self unchanged,
But all too long estranged,
For one short hour of play be reconciled
And be the Child
Thou art.

WHITER THAN SNOW

O LORD my God, it is not in snow whiteness
That souls Thou hast made worthy walk
with Thee,
Their garments glow with other keener brightness
Than such could be.

For in Thy fire of love for ever burning
With strong white heat, the earthly grows divine,
Each poor heart's love loses its restless yearning
And glows like Thine.

GROWN UP

CHILD, child, child !
What have they done with thee ?
Where is the little child
Who laughed upon my knee ?

My son is straight and strong,
Ready of lip and limb ;
'Twas the dream of my whole life long
To bear a son like him.

He has griefs I cannot guess,
He has joys I cannot know :
I love him none the less ;
With a man it should be so.

But where, where, where
Is the child so dear to me,
With the silken-golden hair,
Who sobbed upon my knee ?

RED ROSES

“RED roses for St. Peter’s Day,”
I heard the kindly Rector say.

“For other seasons what you will
Bring from your garden on the hill,
I care not much for things like these,
But red for Martyrs—if you please.”

So up and down the garden ways,
Through the warm air of golden days,
Among the drowsy scents of June
My heart went wandering to the tune
Of this I heard the Rector say,
“Red roses for St. Peter’s Day.”

“Red roses,” through the tangle bright
I saw the dark betrayal night;
I saw the rosy flames aglow
In that Priest’s palace long ago,

RED ROSES

I saw them light the lips of shame
That thrice denied the Holiest Name.
I saw the red dawn flush the sky,
I heard the bird of morning cry,
And through the long wild reach of years
There came the sound of dropping tears.
But ah, 'tis not for this they say,
"Red roses for St. Peter's Day."

Red, redder yet. Not tears alone
For that "I know not" shall atone.
Where through the leaves they darkly glow
I see the Martyr's life-blood flow
From hands and feet all Christ-wise torn
On cruel cross un-Christ-wise borne
For humbleness that would not be
Uplift like Him on Calvary.
Red, redder yet. I close my eyes
From tortured visions that arise
And fill with darkness and dismay
The summer of St. Peter's Day.

"Red for all Martyrs," swift there came
Through the green leaves a fiercer flame!

RED ROSES

Amid the angry faggots' flare
I saw pale hands uplift in prayer,
I saw the anguish proudly borne
As if Christ's Rose, and not His 'Thorn,
Enwapt the flesh that fell away
From such fair souls on such a day.

Red for thy shame, O soul of mine.
Does Love *thy* life incarnadine?
Or dost thou, questioned by the foe,
Make answer in his hearth fire's glow,
Thou also, that thou *dost not know*,
And boast the wisdom of the wise
And at thine ease philosophise,
And smile at simple saints who say,
"Red roses for St. Peter's Day"?

RIBES ¹

FLOWER of an English garden
How is the secret thine
To lift my spirit and bear
Away through the upper air
To the place of a beautiful shrine
On the slope of an Apennine?
Breathing thy breath I seem
To hear in a holy dream
The chant of a solemn procession,
And the sobbing sound of confession,
And the healing tones of pardon.

Flower of an English garden,
Why dost thou make me pine?
Oh would that again I were
In that beautiful place of prayer,
With its incense-clouded shrine
Of the Mystery Divine,

¹ The scent of Ribes recalls that of Incense in an old Italian church.

RIBES

Feeling as ever I felt there,
But kneeling as never I knelt there,
 To pour my long confession
 And hear for each transgression
The answering peace of pardon.

Flower of an English garden,
 How didst thou learn the spell?
Were once thy seeds let fall
Within some cloister wall,
 On the lip of the cloister well
 And in sound of Sanctus bell,
Where from the opening door
Some incense-cloud might pour
 As an Acolyte came through,
 And mingle with the dew
That made their shells unhardened?

Flower of an English garden,
 Still dost thou make me pine?
I think, when thou art dumb
And the Lilies and Roses come
 And the blossom of the Vine
 With wiser speech than thine,

RIBES

They will say that *Everywhere*
Is the secret place of Prayer,
Where the soul that makes confession
Is shriven by Intercession
Of the Priest Who died for her pardon.

March 1911.

APRIL IN ASSONANCE

I 'VE watched upon the purple slope
The sower's rhythmic tread,
While, breathing answers to his hope,
A cloud stooped overhead,
Warm clouds drooped overhead.

Now, round the russet-bosomed earth,
A veil of shining green
Hides, yet reveals, the mystic birth
Of all that Life may mean,
The glorious Type unseen.

The droning bee has had his fill
Of dew and daisy wine,
And idles up the grassy hill
On stairs of Celandine,
Gold stairs of Celandine.

APRIL IN ASSONANCE

Will these things never be my own
Henceforth, O God? I cry,
What holiest raptures could atone
For loss of earth and sky.
Glad earth and radiant sky,
Sad earth and plaining sky?

For loss of all the tender things
That hum, or sing, or bleat ;
The windy throb of winnowing wings,
The rush of happy feet
Where by the wandering water-springs
The flocks find pasture sweet,
And lambs in laughter bleat?

Wilt Thou not give me, when my flesh
Must in Thy Garden lie,
To feel with all my soul afresh
Earth's tender mystery,
And splendour of the sky.

So that my resting time should pass
Even as one of these,
A sister to the lispings grass,
A kinsmaid of the trees,
The mystic, whispering trees.

APRIL IN ASSONANCE

Apart awhile from human touch,
The tenderest and the best,
Life has had heart-work overmuch,
And even Love would rest.
Much need has Love to rest.

And I would learn my lesson there
In patience and in peace,
Till Voices through the April air
Should bid my slumber cease.
In Love and Wonder cease.

For then, since neither Far nor Near
In Thy sweet World can be,
The Heaven which is always here
My purgèd eyes should see
Dawn through the golden atmosphere
And fold me in to Thee,
A soul from sin set free.

Printed by
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